

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1870.

Whole No. 842.

CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

REDUCED PRICES:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPES, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUGETS, EPINGLETTES,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS AND BREAK-FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations. An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

WHITE COTTONS,

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKESSES

LONG CLOTHS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

The above are the BEST VALUE ever offered in this City.

JUST OPENED:

TUCKED COLLARS AND CUFFS,

for Spring wear;

ONE BALE WARPS,

ONE BALE PATCH COTTON.

A LOT OF

STUFF REMNANTS,

[with a few light

DRESS GOODS,

will be cleared out at nearly

Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

SPEAKING A WORD FOR CHRIST.

Mrs. Adams was an invalid. That is, she was too unwell to expose herself more than absolute necessity required in the inclement season of the year; yet she was able to superintend her household, and to receive calls from her friends, provided they were neither too long nor too frequent. The Sabbath before was a mild one, and she had joyfully embraced the opportunity of again joining her Christian friends in the public services of the Lord's house, and in celebrating his dying love at the communion table.

The pastor was peculiarly solemn and tender in his appeals to the family around him to be faithful in their efforts to draw others into the 'circle,'—the fold to which they belonged; and this month, this week, dear friends, will you not endeavor to speak a word for Christ whenever and wherever you may have the privilege? But, added he, 'there must be much prayer, as a preparation for the successful performance of this duty.' For 'he that winneth souls is wise.'

The exhortation fell upon tender hearts; for the Spirit was even then moving among them, and preparing the way for 'the stately steppings of the Lord.'

None felt it more than Mrs. Adams. Deeply had she deplored the giving up of her class in the Sunday school, her attendance at the evening prayer meetings, and her weekly visits to the poor and suffering ones around her; and she had endeavored so to bear her ill health and the depressing weakness she suffered, as to prove her submission to the Divine will. But this was not enough. She must do *active* work this month; she must *speak* for Christ. Naturally of a retiring disposition, she had shrunk from direct conversation on personal religion, feeling that indirect remarks and general observations were all that were required of her.

Now she was troubled. As she sat that cold, frosty afternoon in her pleasant room, as attractive and cheerful as it was possible for loving hands and hearts and a liberal purse to make it, she sighed heavily as she looked about her. 'In everything James has shown his love for me, preferring my society and my happiness, sick and wasted as I am, to all the charms of the gay and intellectual society he is surrounded by; and yet I—O Father, O Jesus, have never begged him to come to Thee, never knelt with him to supplicate Thy blessing! I will, so help me God, this very night. And that long conflict ended—for it had been her burden for months,—she was prepared for the next one.

The door bell rang, and Mrs. Roberts was announced. 'Bring her up, Jane; and, if any one calls, say I am busy.'

Mrs. Roberts entered and greeted her cordially. She was extremely lively in conversation, full of the chat and merry gossip of the town, yet with a certain air of conscious superiority, which made one ill at ease in her presence, unless in all points you perfectly agreed with her.

She was Mrs. Adams' next door neighbor—very wealthy and very stylish, and, in her own opinion, very religious. For did she not occupy one of the most expensive pews in the church? and was she not noted for her benevolence, her tenderness to the suffering, and her unflinching advocacy of the rights of others?

To Mrs. Adams she had been kind, constantly reminding her, by the most delicate attentions, of the constant place she had in her heart and thoughts. How could she beg her to be reconciled to Christ? But the Spirit was pressing upon her conscience, and urging her to this duty; and she dared not refuse to comply with its promptings.

'She will think me presumptuous; she will think me egotistical; she will think me intrusive; she will think that I think myself better than she is,' urged the poor human nature and the evil spirit, not willing that she should throw aside her reserve, and put on the armor of open battle.

Mrs. Roberts had a singularly open and direct style of mind; and, having noticed that her friend seemed abstracted, inquired anxiously if she was not as well as usual, or if anything was troubling her? The door was opened and the way made plain, and Mrs. Adams, with a silent cry for help, opened it all.

'Yes, my dear Mrs. Roberts,' she answered, 'there is something on my mind which troubles me sadly. It is concerning those I so love and respect, as I do you and others of my friends, have so little love for Christ. Pardon me if I speak too freely, but I feel so utterly dependent upon Him for all my hopes of heaven, that I long to have all I love, trust and love him also.'

Mrs. Roberts sat still in utter amazement. It was so different from anything she had heard from her friend before, that it was as unexpected as disagreeable to her.

She arose with an expressive look of pity on her face; and, kindly taking Mrs. Adams' hand, said she would intrude upon her no longer that afternoon, as she saw she was tired and nervous.

'I will send you some jelly for tea, dear, and come to-morrow and take you to ride, if it is pleasant enough.' So saying, she hastily left the room.

Poor Mrs. Adams! For a few moments she felt utterly cast down, almost ashamed of her humble effort. 'For me to speak of her! If it had been any one else! But, at this moment, a sweet peace filled her soul; her Father's fulfilled promise to those who follow his voice. "Great peace have they who love Thy law." Falling on her knees, she thanked her Saviour that He had enabled her to speak 'one word' for Him, and entreated that the influence of the Holy Spirit might follow that word, imperfect as it was uttered, and assist her in all further efforts to win souls to Christ.

It seemed as if Mrs. Adams' trials were all to come at once; for scarcely had she recovered from the excitement occasioned by the conversation with her first caller, before a second was announced—Miss Green. It had been hard to converse with her friend and neighbor, it was far more with a mere acquaintance.

Miss Green had but recently moved into the same street with herself, and was now returning Mrs. Adams' call on her as a stranger. She had pleasant, easy manners, and a fluent style of conversation, and rattled on with ready remarks on the town, the neighbors, and the view from the adjacent heights, till it seemed as if the time al-

lotted to a ceremonious call must soon expire. And yet Mrs. Adams felt her heart warm to this stranger with new and sweet emotions. It was the reward of the faithful dealing of the previous interview, and she could not let this opportunity slip.

A thought struck her. 'And what church do you attend here, Miss Green?'

'What church! Oh, to tell the truth, we have not taken a pew anywhere. Papa has been waiting to see where he liked best, but mama prefers Dr. H.'s, and so I suppose we shall have to go there.' The manner became serious at once, and her eyes were fixed questioning upon Mrs. Adams' face; 'May I ask,' she added, 'where you are accustomed to go? I have not seen you, I think, at any church I have attended.'

'No, probably not; I am too unwell to be out as regularly as I wish; but I belong to Dr. E.'s church, in H—street.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Miss Green, with some surprise; 'then you are a Baptist; pardon me, but I should not have expected you to go there; but, added she in a moment, 'I am sure I don't know why; I have never been there, but I have had an idea that—that the Baptists were rather—'

and, confused between her desire to be polite and her real surprise, she could not finish her sentence.

'You mean, I think,' said Mrs. Adams, 'that you think as rather narrow and bigoted in our views,—many persons have that idea of us,—but if you will come and hear my pastor some time, I am sure you will be pleased with his sermons. He is an eloquent preacher, and an earnest, devoted follower of the Lord Jesus.'

Miss Green looked puzzled. 'And what do you mean by that?' she asked. 'Are not all ministers that, and do not all Christians believe in Christ?'

'They should, but most certainly,' said Mrs. Adams; 'but I think we cannot fail to perceive a great difference in this respect, even in ministers, and much among those who call themselves by the sacred name of Christ.'

'Many, I fear, who consider themselves Christians, because they have been educated in a Christian community, have yet no personal interest in the Lord Jesus as their atoning sacrifice,—their great High Priest, their only hope of salvation, the only ground of acceptance with their offended Father in heaven.'

'And is this what you believe, Mrs. Adams?' asked her visitor, while an expression of intense interest overspread her fine countenance. 'An atoning sacrifice,' she repeated to herself; 'and do you, whom I hear every one speak of as lovely and excellent, pardon my freedom, feel that you need an atonement for your sins?'

'I feel,' said Mrs. Adams, while tears filled her eyes, and her voice was tremulous with emotion, 'I feel, my dear young friend, that in the sight of that God who cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence, who demands of me my first and best affections, who demands of me perfect conformity to His Holy law, that I am indeed a lost sinner, justly condemned to death, unless through some atonement made by Christ, He will forgive my sins.'

'And are your own good deeds, your charities, your patience in suffering, your forgiveness of injuries, your daily life of devotion to your family, all to go for nothing? Are they not acceptable in His sight?'

'I will answer you in Paul's words,—That I may be found in Him, not having my own rightness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.' But this is of course no encouragement to neglect of virtue, for Christ says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'

'After a moment's silence, in which she seemed plunged in thought, she looked up, and said earnestly, 'Mrs. Adams, you are the first person who has ever conversed with me in this way; but I will tell you that though I have been brought up to believe that I was good enough, that I was as sure of heaven as if already there, I have not felt satisfied; there have been times when I have felt that I should not be satisfied with such obedience to me as I have given to God. I thank you for your plainness; and, if you will let me, I will soon come in again and talk with you. And now,' added she, rising to leave, 'just tell me where I can find that verse you quoted to me; I want to read it myself.'

Mrs. Adams joyfully took up her well-marked Bible, and, handing it to her, showed her the passage.

'Would you mind lending me this for a little while?' said Miss Green, timidly; it seems as if I could understand it better than mine at home, it has been read so little; and—will you pray for me, too, that I may find out the truth for oh, I do want to do so.'

'Let us pray now, my dear,' said Mrs. Adams, falteringly, for she felt that the Spirit was there, leading this precious soul to Himself; and so, gently closing and locking the door, the two, so recently strangers, knelt together; and, while one voice was lifted up in earnest supplication, the heart of the other was deeply touched, and her voice echoed the words, 'God be merciful to us a sinner!'

It was easy that night to talk and pray with James, and confess to him her neglect of duty, and while he tenderly thanked her for her care for him, he told her frankly that now his only doubt of her real belief in the doctrines she professed was gone, for he had wondered how she could rest without warning him of his danger, if she believed him to be in any.

The day was but the first of a life spent in 'speaking for Jesus'; and in her crown of rejoicing there will be many stars; for, through her labors and prayers, many souls were led to Christ.—The Church.

AN EXPLODED HERESY.

Somebody writes long and very brilliant articles in the *Acadian Recorder* trying to revive an old heresy that was concocted, preached, and exploded more than a thousand years ago. These *Recorder* articles are in the form of 'Familiar letters to a friend on interesting Bible subjects.' They are published every Saturday under the modest title of 'Sunday Readings.' We cannot undertake to say how many errors, blunders, and absurdities are crammed into these 'Sunday Readings.' Some idea may be formed of the whole series from the Eighth Letter, which is now before us, and which we have had the patience to peruse. The writer quotes from the Old Testament to prove that Moses knew nothing of a future state of punishment—or of a future

state of any kind. He quotes a Psalm to prove that man is nothing but *dust*—that there is no immortality of the soul. Indeed the writer seems to be a materialist. He sneers at Christians who talk of 'precious immortal souls,' and holds up to ridicule the awful realities of the future state. He tries to show in his own way that men are no more immortal than 'beasts'—that there is no Hell—that the wicked are all annihilated!

It is hard to have patience towards this Theological quack, and the journalists who debase their pages by giving publicity to nonsense at once so drivelling and so impious. The writer and his publishers do the Devil's work by reviving an old error as a snare to blind men to his service. 'Let us cut and drink, for to-morrow we shall be annihilated.' 'There is no hell: no future judgment or punishment for the wicked. Death is the last, and death is all.' This heresy is as old as the Sadducees; it is indeed the lowest and grossest heathenism. It is Paganism over which Socrates and Plato and Cicero would blush. The *Recorder* writer makes a great show of Scripture proof, but his proofs are just as absurdly inapplicable to his purpose as the famous quotations which declare the rightfulness of suicide: 'Judas went and hanged himself.'—'Go thou and do likewise.' Grant that there is nothing about immortality or future punishments in the Old Testament (which we do not grant), there is just as little about Heaven. If then you prove from Moses that there is no Hell, you can as easily prove that there is no Heaven. And yet the Thomases and Annihilations generally believe in a Heaven. But this modest letter writer must have read his Bible with marvellously little care, if he has not found Hell and Heaven and abundant indications of the soul's immortality in it.

Let us give one illustration of the way in which this soul-destroyer quotes Scripture. His theory is that death is the last and worst punishment inflicted on men, and that the soul (if there is a soul) perishes, dies with the body. To prove this he quotes Heb. x: 26—'If thou despisest Moses' law didst with mercy under two or three witnesses,'—and there this writer stops. Why not go farther and show that there is something still more fearful than the death of the body? Why not look at the 29th verse, which declares that a much sorer punishment is due to those who despise the Gospel? What, on the theory of this Annihilator, could be a much sorer punishment than death? Yet this is the shallow and deceptive way in which this blind leader of the blind tampons with God's truth.

It seems strange that old Paganism should have to be confronted again at this time of day; and that Annobis should have a successor in Halifax in the columns of the *Acadian Recorder*. The simplest way of meeting such heresies is to go straight to the plain declarations of our Saviour and His inspired Apostles. There are no plain, so numerous, and so familiar, that it seems quite unnecessary to quote them. All the perverse stupidity of conceited ignorance, all the misguided skill of the learned, can never torture these sayings of God's Word into proofs of the Annihilation theory. See for example Matt. xvi. 31-46; John v. 28. What could be more explicit than 2 Cor. v. 10: 'For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the deeds done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' Equally emphatic is 2 Thess. i. 6-10. To any one who believes in the truthfulness of Christ and accepts the testimony of God's Word, the case must be plain. The eternal bliss of the righteous, the eternal woe of the wicked are indisputable, and these tremendous truths are brought before our minds by language and imagery of unspeakable grandeur, intended to impress the imagination and the heart, and to keep us from the ways of the destroyer. The doctrine of Scripture is that all sinners who do not repent, who do not take refuge in the Saviour, in the present life, shall in the future state suffer everlasting punishment, as the just reward of their sins. Bible statements throughout the bounds of the Christian church, with the exception of very few, have thus understood the declarations of Scripture. This is the plain and obvious meaning of God's message, and the child can understand it as well as the learned commentator.

The following extract from Blair, is as just as it is powerful, with regard to the Annihilationist doctrine. We commend it to the Theologians of the *Recorder*:

'If death were nothing, and naught after death: if when they died they passed into nothing, returning to the barren womb of nothing. Whence first they spring; thus might the debauchee feel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained, fill up another to the brim, and laugh. At the poor beggar's Death: then might the wretch that weary of the world, and tired of life, at once give up his soul to the slip, and stealing out of being when he pleased, And by what way, whether by leap, or steel, Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force The ill pleased guest to his full fall? Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well, That helps himself as timely as he can When able.—But if there's an Hereafter, And that there is Conscience unfeigned, And assured to speak out, tells every man,—Then must it be an awful thing to die.'

—Pres. Witness.

A REMITTANCE EVERY WEEK.—I have only a glimpse of the worship of heaven, but it is long enough to allow me to see the elders casting crowns of gold at Jesus' feet. If I wish to be in fellowship with any church of Christ, either in earth or heaven, I must worship him with my property. It is true, he does not need that I should give to supply his want; but I have great need to give to subdue my sin. I am too fond of making money, and too fond of enjoying it. I scarce believe that I am hastening to a land where all my cash will be inconvertible money. I see thousands of my fellow-Christians whose souls are dying of covetousness. Let me take heed lest I be infected with this sickness. Let me put my finger on the wrist of my purse, and feel how it throbs calmly and regularly when cash is going in, and with what a flutter it is affected if any is drawn out for the service of my owner. I must beg and mortify this feeling. I must at once get into a habit of giving at least one-tenth of my income in the worship of Him, who gave it all to me. I do hope to reach heaven through the mercy of Jesus, who, though He was rich, for my sake became poor, and I must begin to lay up treasure there, else I shall be a very poor man among its wealthy citizens. I will from this day forward make a remittance to heaven every week

—Dr. Patterson.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

How glorious is the apparel of the Son of God, the Saviour of men, travelling in the greatness of His strength. Among the weak and wicked sons of men He appears, offering deliverance from weakness and wickedness. The poor sinner may reject Him. They did in the days of His flesh, setting by the wayside, and in the seats of authority; in rags and in purple; vile, outwardly, viler inwardly, they joined too often in spurning the salvation of their gracious Lord and God. But some felt their lost estate, saw their infinite need, hung upon the Saviour's smile and voice, and felt salvation flowing through soul and body, and the sweetness of recreating grace and love.

How many have since experienced like surprises of celestial life! From the depths they have cried unto Him, and He heard their cry. He brought them up out of the horrible pit and mire of sinfulness and of utter helplessness, and set their feet upon a rock, and established all their goings. Augustine thus emerged from sin to salvation! Bernard was thus uplifted from the pit of hell to the pinnacles of heaven. Bunyan thus felt the mightiness of this Divine salvation. Whitfield thus cried unto his Saviour, and felt his soul uphold on loving hands to heavenly places in Christ Jesus. How many, many myriads have experienced the great salvation. In all ages, climes, and peoples has He been revealed, mighty to save.

How poor the platitudes of Renan, and Parker, and their shadowy cohorts, who prattle about self-sufficiency, indulge in great, swelling words of vanity against the Lord and against His Christ, or assume patronizing airs towards Him, simply because they do not feel the touch of His divine help. Let them prattle, let them assail, as in our own day, 'the blood of Calvary' as being a false and partial expression of the Love of God. To you that believe, He is precious.

'Mighty to save,' resounds from the prophet's lips far, far down the ages. Spoken on that Jerusalem hill top, in the days when Homer's faith and fanes could only compass low passioned deities fighting around an Asian tower, it has gone forth for the uplifting of the world. Listen to its strengthening words. To you it comes, sad sinner in the depth of your sins, offering you present, future, eternal salvation. Turn from the idols of to-day, poorer and more powerless even than those of Greece and India, the idols of a false faith, that everywhere lift their hideous, paled presences about you; that pretend to offer you salvation by the gibberings of dead ghosts, or the floundering of helpless reason, struggling in vain with the awful mysteries of sin, death, judgment, eternity. Turn to Jesus. See him, near you. Feel Him encompassing you in His tender arms. Lay your weary head upon His Divine breast. Exult in the mightiness of the salvation that can break the chains of unholy desire, make anew your soul, fill your heart with heavenly life, dissolve the fear of death, make the solemn teachings of the Judgment seat, infinitely penetrative as they are, easy and joyous, because they only the more profoundly disclose the greatness of this saving grace, and can pervade—

'The calm, white radiance of Eternity.'

with its fullness, peace and strength. 'Mighty to save,' is the watchword of all redeemed souls on earth and in heaven. It is the test word between the believer and the pretender. It is the token at once of our faith and our estate. Let every one accept its fullness of truth and power, and in all contrition, simplicity, and confidence, cast himself upon Him, who from all eternity, to every one that believeth, is 'mighty to save'—Zion's Herald.

THE DUST COVERED BIBLE.—Some years ago a clergyman in Ireland took for his text one Sunday morning, 'Search the Scriptures.' In the course of his sermon, he quoted a passage from John Wesley, to the effect that the Bible 'sometimes had dust enough on its cover to write "damnation" on it.' One of his hearers was struck by the remark, and on her return home repeated it. She was overheard by her brother, who had casually absented himself from church that day. The startling thought fixed itself in his heart like an arrow. He retired to his room, and took down his Bible. Looking at its dusty cover, and scarcely knowing what he did, he traced on it the appalling words of the preacher.

He looked at them, read them again, and, bursting into tears, flung himself on his knees, and, confessing his past sins, sought grace that he might prize it more in the future. The Bible became his companion, and to his dying hour he bore witness to its sustaining power, and his joy in the God it reveals.

See how much came from a seemingly random word, spoken eighty years before—*Heavenly Tidings*.

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a Christian and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited for regard to the law of God. So when the visitor asked their contributions, she interposed and said:

'Why sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began; my husband knows that very well. Have we not Thomas?'

After a solemn pause, Thomas answered, 'Yes, Mary, we have. Before we got religion, Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And, Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that, you know, I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears, but all are lost, completely lost, and like a millstone, cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire; but since you have had a habit of washing tray. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times; but these you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain.'

HALF-WAY TO CHRIST.

'Half way to Christ,' said a minister, in quoting the remarks of an eminent man; 'half way to Christ is a dreadful place.'

There is no neutral ground in Christ's territory. You must be either for or against—establishing of his kingdom; and if your sympathies are not thoroughly enlisted in the right cause, then you belong wholly to the adversary.

Half way to Christ! Half way home is to be still excluded from the light, the love and happiness centred therein. If you have been absent some time, parted from those you love best on earth, and are now on the homeward journey, how the heart leaps when some one beside you whispers, 'We are on the last half.'

And the last half is always the longest. Fall of imaginary forebodings, apprehending evil that never entered your thoughts before, home becomes each moment dearer, and over the door post is inscribed, in shining letters, 'Peace and Safety.'

'Almost saved' is still left to perish! If you are already half way to Christ, what is to hinder your progress? If you believe with the understanding, why should you not believe with the heart also? How can you willfully exclude yourself from participating in the delights known only to the true disciple?

Why will you halt on threshold when the door stands invitingly open, and you may enter if you choose? Are you satisfied with being half way to Christ? Living at that distance from him, you may realize no present peril, but dying in that condition, you are lost eternally. Come nearer. The children have no need to stand afar off. 'Half way to Christ is a dreadful place!'

'Where the devil cannot come he will send.' A proverb of very serious import, which excellently sets out to us the penetrative character of temptations, and the certainty that they will follow and find men out in their strictest retreats. It rebukes the absurdity of supposing by any outward arrangements, cloistered retirements, flights into the wilderness, sin can be kept at a distance. So far from this, temptation will inevitably over-leap all these outward and merely artificial barriers which may be raised up against them; for our great enemy is as formidable from a seeming distance as in close combat; 'where he cannot come he will send.'—Trench.

BE HEALED.—Wilt thou be made whole? saith the Saviour. The question is not, 'How many of you have tried the faith?' It is not, 'How long have you suffered?' It is simply this: 'Wilt thou now be made whole?' 'While you still turn your eye back morbidly upon your own mistakes, there is but little chance for you; but if you rouse up from this backward looking selfishness—for this ever repeating consciousness finally falls into selfishness; if you cease any longer to think so much about the past; if, forgetting the things that are before; if there be in you yet a springing, yearning desire to enter at once and fully upon the Christian course; and if you say to the Saviour, 'Yes, I fain would be made whole; then your mistakes are not fatal, and there is no reason why, having failed once, or twice, or thrice, you should not strive again.'

A GOOD TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

There is not a grace that can adorn the Christian character but you will have need to appear in at some time or other; therefore seek the whole, that you may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.—The Rev. Rowland Hill once visited a poor man, of weak intellect, and on conversing with him, said:

'Well, Richard, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?'

'To be sure I do; don't you?'

'Heaven is a long way off,' said the minister, 'and the journey is very difficult.'

'Do you think so? I think heaven is very near.'

'Most people think it is a very difficult matter to get to heaven.'

'I think heaven is very near,' said Richard again, 'and the way too is very short; there are only three steps there.'

Mr. Hill replied: 'Only three steps!'

Richard repeated: 'Yes, only three steps.'

'And pray,' said the pastor, 'what do you consider those three steps to be?'

'Those three steps are: out of self, unto Christ, into glory.'

WARM YOURSELF.—There are many persons who, if they could, would sit by the fire and draw in its heat without exertion or trouble. And so they may, when they are as feeble as to be incapable of labor. But if one be in good health, the physician says to him, 'Stir abroad. Rouse the energy of your system by exercise. Work, walk, climb! Let your blood be your stove!'

There are many Christians who use meetings as lazy and dainty people use fires. They go to them to be warmed, and suck in without exertion a certain moral stimulus, not wholesome because derived from no exertion of their own. Their pastor should say, 'Go out and work. Create your own feelings. Life in earnest is the best fuel for the soul. Bring to the prayer meeting the feelings which you enjoy. Do not forever sit before the fire. Work and warm yourselves!'

In the path of duty God promises His special protection; He will keep us safe and bless us. Leave company, when you find you lose by it, and see that you cannot improve it.

Trials are the tuning of the instruments for the melodies of heaven.

You must not trust even your repentance or faith to save you. Christ alone must be trusted to do that.

As they key fits into the wards of its lock, so will the provisions of the new covenant fit into all the intricacies of your case.